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### Thoughts to be treasured

Persistent questioning and healthy inquisitiveness are the first requisite for acquiring learning of any kind

— Mahatma Gandhi

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CLARON/01/02





## The Most Distant Stars

Some American astronomers have discovered what might be the most distant galaxy ever seen from the earth—more than 14.5 billion light-years away, says their spokesman Prof. Byron Spinrad of the University of Berkeley. According to a theory, famous as the Big Bang theory, the universe came into being about 15 billion light-years ago. That means, the light now arriving here from the newly discovered galaxy began travelling only half a billion years after the galaxy was formed.

## Alice from Wonderland to a London Bank

32 wooden blocks used to illustrate the first edition of Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* have just been discovered in the vault of a central London bank.



## The Kind Elephant

Do elephants respond to man's sentiments? An old man of Chittoor district in Andhra Pradesh, guarding his sugarcane field, hit an elephant mistaking it to be a stray cow in the darkness. The huge tusker seized him with its trunk and was about to smash him. The old man prayed aloud to be pardoned. The elephant gently lowered him and went away.

## The Marathon Concert

History was made inside the Srinagaram temple campus recently when Nagai Muralidharan gave a violin recital for 25 hours, accompanied on the Mridangam by K. Rajaraman.



## DID YOU KNOW?



A baby kangaroo is only an inch long at the time of birth.

In a poetry contest the famous Roman poet Lucan won the 1st Prize, over Emperor Nero. The Emperor ordered him to stop writing poetry.



Tidikeit, a town in Sahara, went without experiencing rain for ten years.

Botanically speaking the onion is a lily.



The earth rotates on its axis more slowly in March than in September.

The average lead pencil can draw a line 35 miles long.



In 1800 only fifty cities in the world had a population of more than one lakh.

STORY OF

# RAMA



-By Manoj Das

*(Ravana, who lived as a bandit, became a devotee of Vishnu under Hanu's guidance and emerged as Sage Valmiki. One day he was inspired to utter a verse which is known as the first ever poetry in the world. He was instructed by Brahma to use that verse-form to compose the immortal epic, the Ramayana.)*

## A MOMENTOUS DECISION

When King Dasaratha ruled Koshala, its capital, Ayodhya, was the finest city in the world. With the beautiful royal palace at its centre, well-designed houses spread out in all directions. The river Sarayu flowing by the city enhanced its grandeur. Wide roads with lush

trees on both the sides crisscrossed the localities. A moment did not pass without fine horses brought from Camboj and elephants looking like moving hillocks and chariots drawn by such beasts being seen on the highways.

There was not a single robber





or ruffian in Ayodhya, nor was a single beggar to be seen in the city. The citizens were kind, courteous and lovers of art. Every new season gave occasions for a number of festivals and the people were always cheerful.

However, of late, their king had ceased to be cheerful. It was because he had remained childless for long. His three queens, Kaushalya, Kaikeyi and Sumitra, were no less unhappy.

King Dasaratha held a consultation with his guru Vasishtha and other distinguished sages. They advised him to perform a certain kind of Yajna that would

result in his having sons. The best person to preside over such a ceremony, they said, would be Rishyasringha, a young Rishi. Such was the power of this Rishi's piety that if he visited a land stricken by drought, the sky was at once overcast by clouds and it rained. Rishyasringha, born and brought up in a forest, had been lured by the King Romapada of Anga into his kingdom where rain was needed. He had married Princess Shanta of Anga and lived there.

King Dasaratha went to Anga himself and requested Rishyasringha to visit Ayodhya and guide the procedure of the Yajna.

The noble sage agreed to oblige Dasaratha. He entered Ayodhya to the great joy of the people of the city. Hundreds of priests and the ministers of the king kept busy preparing for the Yajna on the northern bank of the sacred Saraya.

A large number of kings and scholars came to attend the ceremony.

Rishyasringha directed the rite and Vasishtha supervised it, as thousands looked on with awe and devotion. When the

flames rose high amidst the resonant chanting of hymns, King Dasaratha was inspired to distribute a huge quantity of gold and jewellery and herds of cows among the pious and the needy. Not satisfied with that, he even addressed the sages and said, "I offer my kingdom to you. I am sure, my subjects will prosper under your care, O blessed ones!"

"We are deeply impressed by your nobility, O King, but please keep your kingdom to yourself. We who remain engrossed in study of the Vedas and meditation, are not likely to prove worthy rulers," said the sages.

While this memorable event was taking place on the earth, in heavens a momentous decision was about to be taken by Lord Vishnu.

Ravana, the demon-king of Lanka, had grown extremely cruel. He found it great fun to torment the sages and torture the innocent. Once he invaded the Nandan Kanan and scared and humiliated the nymphs who were playing there. Long was the list of good people destroyed by him. Years ago he performed a strenuous penance and got a boon from Brahma that neither any demon nor any god can kill him. He did not care to pray for immunity



against men who, according to him, were puny creatures only worthy of contempt! Now that the good King Dasaratha was ardently praying for children and was performing the necessary rite for it, Lord Vishnu may condescend to take birth as his son. He alone, in his human incarnation, can put an end to the menace that was Ravana.

Then prayed the gods, approaching Vishnu.

The compassionate Vishnu agreed to grant their prayer. At once something spectacular took place at the Yajna of King Dasaratha. Out of the golden fire emerged a figure luminous

and tall, clothed in radiant red, his hair shining like a lion's mane. In both his hands he held a golden bowl filled with a kind of cream. In a voice that was booming like the bugle, he informed King Dasaratha that his prayer had been granted. He offered the bowl to the King and asked him to distribute its content among his three queens.

As the king received the gift gratefully, the figure disappeared. The sages and priests congratulated and blessed the king. The Yajna had been concluded. The king thanked all and, the golden bowl in hand, went into his palace.

To continue





## APPOINTMENT WITH A WOLF

Tunku was a little boy who lived with his mother.

It was a rainy day. Tunku kept busy with making an earthen doll, as big as himself.

"Mother, I'm feeling like eating hot cakes tonight! Can't you make some." Tunku said after giving finishing touches to his doll.

"A boy who wastes all his time making dolls should not nurse such wishes. Cakes cannot be got by mere wishing, you know!" the mother observed wryly.

"What exactly do we need more than wishes?" asked Tunku.

"The one thing I need is a stack of dry fire wood! It is

raining continuously for the last five days! Other things I have."

To gather some dry fire wood appeared as easy to Tunku as wishing for cakes. He whistled merrily and went out, but search as he may here and there and everywhere, not a twig that was dry was to be seen. Water was dripping from every tree, plant, creeper and bushes.

He knocked on the neighbour's door. "Can you give us some dry fire wood?" he asked.

"Well, Tunku, I was just going to ask your mother if she could spare some for us!" replied the kind old lady.

Tunku turned to the next



house. "Can you give us some dry fire wood?"

"Fire wood, fire wood, fire wood! This is the third time I'm pestered for the blessed stuff! What do you think me to be the sun." asked the short-tempered man, shaking his beard quite unnecessarily.

Tunku moved from house to house. He left the village behind and entered the forest and went a bit far.

He knocked on the single log-cabin he saw.

"Who is it," asked a strange voice.

"Tunku!"

"That hardly explains a thing! What I wish to know is, whether you are a beggar or a hunter!"

"I'm afraid, I am neither, though at the moment I wish to have some dry fire wood for cooking."

"That means you are a beggar."

"No, I'm not. I can pay you for the stuff, in kind. I can give you some of the cakes my mother will prepare. Mind you, she is the best cake-making mother in the world."

"Really!" exclaimed the master of the log-cabin, finally opening the door. He was a wolf, though a wolf wearing trousers and a bush-shirt with the imprint of his own face on it and an impressive necktie. On his belt was written: "Love".

Tunku had never seen a wolf before and never imagined that a wolf would be so dress-conscious.

"How many cakes do you promise to give me."

"Well... er... er... a dozen!" Tunku did not wish to sound miserly.

"That'll do. Take as much



fire wood as you can carry. But, mind you, if it is less than a dozen by one, I'll take one bite of you, if by two, I'll take two bites..."

Tunku was back home before long. The mother sat down for preparing cakes. She did not take long, for she had kept all the ingredients ready.

But she could make only fifteen cakes in all. "It was foolish of you to promise a dozen, to the stranger in the forest. However, it will be bad to go back on your promise. Eat three and gave him the rest," said the Mother.

"You must eat one and I two," said Tunku and he finished two and looked wistfully at the rest. He then set out for the forest. He had not told his mother who the stranger was.

He had just crossed the village when he met Bantu, his little playmate, looking for some berries. Tunku knew how poor Bantu's parents were. Bantu might have gone without food that whole rainy day.

Tunku thought it quite immoral to pass by a friend



without offering him a cake or two. And when Bantu began eating with great relish, Tunku thought it unmannerly not to join him. And what is a mere dozen of hot cakes when two friends join hands in appreciating them on a rainy evening!

"What is to be done now. The wolf will take twelve bites of me!" wondered Tunku.

"Hardly anything will be left of you!" said Bantu, thoughtfully.

They made twelve cakes out of clay. Tunku proceeded to meet the wolf.

"Why are you so late. I was beginning to lose patience!" growled the wolf who was still in his trousers and necktie. He threw one cake into his mouth, but spat it out immediately.

"This tastes like earth!" he observed, disappointed.

"Well, er, the next one may taste better," said Tunku, his left foot already outside the door.

The wolf tried to swallow another cake, but spat it out too. By then Tunku's right foot too was outside the door.

"I'll eat you?" screamed the wolf, throwing away the rest of the cakes and jumping out of his house.

Tunku reached home ahead enough of the wolf to do the needful.

"Where is the naughty boy

named Tunku," the wolf demanded of his mother.

The mother pointed her hand at the cot.

"Right. Here indeed is the chap, feigning sleep, as if he knew nothing of the bargain!" said the wolf and he planted his jaws on what he thought to be Tunku's leg.

"U, -tuh tuh!" he spat out. "Not only the cakes the human beings eat, but also the human beings themselves are so tasteless! Tuh, tuh! I'll never have anything to do with them any more!"

Swearing and fuming, the wolf left for his abode in the forest.

"Did you see, mother. Making the doll was no waste of time!" said a beaming Tunku who had laid the doll on the cot and had hid himself.



# Oliver Twist



Nancy, Bill Sikes' girl friend, warns Rosa, the lady who has befriended Oliver, of a plot against him, the instigator being Monks, Oliver's half-brother. Rosa takes Oliver back to London where the young orphan meets an old friend.



It is at this point that we must leave young Oliver for the time being, to talk of the man with Fagin, and of how and why he came to be there. His name was Monks, and he was the half-brother of Oliver. He had been searching for him for a very long time before his enquiries had finally brought him to the workhouse where Oliver's mother had been taken when she had been found dying in the street.



By following Oliver's trail from the workhouse, he had come at last upon Fagin and Bill Sikes, and those three worthy gentlemen enjoyed a long conversation which boded ill for Oliver. The sad truth of the matter was Monks wished nothing but the worst for Oliver who was the heir to a fortune which would come to Monks if Oliver failed to appear or claim his inheritance.

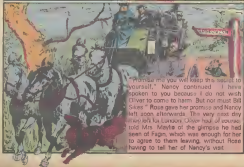


"The boy was taken up by an old lady and her niece," Sikes said. "A man that has been spying for me, and has their address in the country," Monks said. "Get your hands on him and turn him into a thief. That way he'll trouble me no more." Fagin counselled caution. "First, we'll take a look at our young friend, just to make sure we are not making a mistake."



Which is why Fagin and Monks came to be peering in at Oliver on that fateful afternoon. And that is why Sikes' faithful friend, Nancy, came in due course to visit Rose. "The purpose of my visit," Nancy said in a trembling voice, "is to tell you something regarding Oliver."

Nancy then related how Monks had visited Fagin and Sikes and of the conversation she had overheard. "We shall return to London at once," Rose announced when she had finished. "Oliver will be safer there. And of course this mystery must be investigated. Where may I get in touch with you?" Without hesitation, the girl said, "Every Sunday between eleven and midnight, you will find me on London Bridge."



"Promise me you will keep this secret to yourself," Nancy continued. "I have spoken to you because I do not wish Oliver to come to harm. But nor must Bill Sikes." Rose gave her promise and Nancy left soon afterwards. The very next day she left for London. Oliver had, of course, told Mrs. Maylie of the glimpse he had seen of Fagin, which was enough for her to agree to them leaving, without Rose having to tell her of Nancy's visit.



After all the unhappy narrative, it is pleasing to record something good in the way of news. Soon after they had settled in London, Oliver went for a walk, with the servant, Giles, acting as his bodyguard. He returned within the hour, breathless with excitement.

"I have seen a gentleman," he announced. "The one who was so good to me!"

No sooner had Oliver made his announcement than a benevolent-looking gentleman was ushered into the room. "This is my kind benefactor Mr. Brownlow," Oliver announced. "I met him in the street just returned from the West Indies, where he has been on business. It was Mr. Brownlow who befriended me."



After the usual exchange of courtesies, Oliver was sent off to have his dinner, and Rose and Mr. Brownlow sat down to talk. Having heard from Mr. Brownlow something of Oliver's sad story, Rose decided to tell him everything she had learned from Nancy. "If we are to learn the truth of this matter," Mr. Brownlow said, when she had finished, "we must bring this matter before the court."



It was while Mr. Brownlow and Rosa were having this conversation that Fagin was lamenting the loss of a friend. "The Artful Dodger has been caught picking a pocket," Fagin told young Bates. "He'll get transportation for life for sure. A great pity. He was a boy who took a pride in his profession. But what a distinction, to be hanged at his time of life."

It was a week of distressing happenings for Fagin. On the Sunday, he called upon Bill Sikes, and the two of them talked late into the night, while Nancy sat silently in a corner. A church bell struck "Eleven o'clock!" said Sikes, raising the blind and looking out. "Dark and heavy it is outside."



"Hello!" said Sikes, as he saw Nancy rise and put on her bonnet. "Where are you going at this hour of the night?" The girl said, "I want a breath of fresh air." Sikes snarled, "Put your head out of the window if I hear anything more from you. I'll put the dog on you."

**To Continue**

## CALM CONQUEROR OF THE THRONE

Exactly a thousand years ago, a large area of Kashmir was ruled by a queen named Didda. She was the wife of King Kshemagupta who had died young. Didda was very powerful, but she was also very cruel. She imprisoned or tortured or killed whoever stood in her way.

But a time came when she knew that she was growing old and sick. It was time to choose her successor.

She had no son of her own, but she had a number of nephews. It was decided to choose one of these young princes to succeed her to the throne.

The princes were asked to be present in a meadow. A hundred apples were scattered on the ground. "One who can collect the maximum number of apples with the minimum injury to himself, wins the contest!" they were told. But it was not



disclosed what was the goal of the contest.

As soon as the minister conducting the contest whistled, the princes began fighting among themselves. Each one was trying to snatch the apples the others had gathered. Their fighting grew fierce. Some were badly scratched, some had got their limbs twisted and some were bleeding. After five minutes one of them reached the queen with three apples. A little later another came with four.

This went on. But all the princes who reported with

apples had been mauled by others.

At last came a boy named Sangram. He had collected the maximum number of fruit, but there was not a single scratch on his body.

"How did you do this?" he was asked.

"I stood aloof when they fought. I did not go to snatch anyone's apple. But when they were absorbed in fighting, I collected the apples quietly," he explained.

He was chosen the heir to the queen. He became famous as Sangram Raja.





## HOW TO SELL A SHAWL

Vinay the garment-merchant of Retanpur had bought a costly shawl from Kashmir to sell at a profit.

"Who will pay the price for such a shawl here? You made a bad investment," said his wife's younger brother, Ravi, who was on a visit to Retanpur.

"Ravi, one can sell anything if one knows how to sell! How comes the village money-lender, either a miserly fellow. If you help me, I can sell the shawl to him," said Vinay and he told Ravi what he should do. Ravi went out and waited in the street.

"Sir, please come in, I've something valuable to show to you." Vinay obliged the money-lender to enter his shop and showed him the shawl.

"It is nice but you don't expect me to buy it!" said the money-lender.

"Sir, just put this one on your shoulder and go on your round. You may return it to me on your way back. I want to see how you look with the shawl!" said Vinay.

The money-lender had no objection to this. Rather he was happy to use the shawl for a while, free!

He had walked a few yards when Ravi, coming from the opposite direction, bowed down to him very humbly and stood aside with hands folded.

The money-lender was pleased and surprised. "I don't think I know you!" he said, surveying Ravi.

"But, honourable sir, I know you. You are king's prime minister!"

"What made you think so?"

"Why, the shawl, of course! Who but the king's prime minister can put on such a magnificent shawl!" observed Ravi.

The money-lender was soon back in Vinay's shop. "I'll buy it, Vinay!" he said, bringing out his purse.





Characters from Indian Classics

## ARISTANEMA

### HIS POWER PROTECTED HIS SONS

A prince was in the forest, looking for a prey. A long time passed, but he did not come across any animal, felt disgusted.

Then, on a hillock in front of him he saw the glimpse of a deer. There was a gap between two bushes. The deer, seen for a moment through the gap, was lost to the prince's sight because of the next bush.

The impatient prince shot his arrow right into the bush. He expected his arrow to hit his

object. He proved right. It did hit the object, for the object gave out a cry.

But imagine the hunter's surprise and panic when he heard a human cry! He climbed the hillock. On the other side of the bush lay a boy, clad in deer-skin. The boy lay motionless, his tender face looking calm. He seemed to be the son of some hermit.

The prince was sure that the boy was dead. Horrified, he took to his heels and ran

towards his chariot parked a furlong away. He intended to escape before his crime had been found out.

But better sense prevailed in him. "Should I be such a coward as to disown my error? Even if nobody had seen it, I know what I did. I must report to the boy's parents, if I can locate them," he told himself.

He roamed about for an hour and saw a hermitage. Stepping into a compound, he saw a hermit coming out of a hut. He bowed down to him and asked him, "Had any boy from your hermitage been out in the forest an hour ago?"

"Yes, my son had been," replied the hermit and he called out to his son. The boy who appeared was the boy whom the prince thought he had killed!

"Had this boy a twin brother?" he asked.

"No!"

"I shall be back in a moment," said the prince and he ran towards the hillock and climbed it. There was nobody lying behind the bush. Surprised he returned to the hermitage.

"Sir, I do not know if I am suffering from any hallucination. But I thought I killed this boy through an error in my judgment!" he told the hermit. "You did indeed hit him by an arrow. But our lives are entirely dedicated to God. None of us can die through just an accident!" calmly said the hermit.

The hermit was named Aristanema. He was a great sage. In fact it was his power that protected his son.





## SUMMER RAIN

By Sunanda Poddar.

Illustrations: Priti Ghosh.

Gita was a happy little girl. She was fond of gardens and flowers.

She looked after her small garden with care. She watered the plants, weeded their beds and gently removed the dead leaves.

All went well. The garden was a happy place and so was Gita.

Then came summer. It brought in a lot of heat. The garden now needed more water. Gita started giving them more.

But soon there was big trouble. The hot sun dried up the ponds and rivers and lakes. The water became less and less

all around. Newspapers said, "Use less water". The loud speakers in the street shouted, "Save every drop. Do not use water for the gardens".

Gita's parents asked her not to waste any water. She loved playing with water, splashing it around with a pipe and making rain with a sprinkler.

She did not really pay much attention to all that father and mother said. She went along and watered the plants as before. She even played about and wasted some water.

The water became still more scarce. Gita was again reminded to be careful.

But she loved her plants and happily went on with her watering. This time she was scolded. Her mother said, "I will take away the pipe and the watering can for the rest of the summer if you don't listen".

"But....."

"No argument. We told you so many times. No watering the garden".

Gita was sad. What will her plants do?

She did not water the plants for one day. By the evening the small new leaves were so thirsty that they drooped on the branches.

Poor Gita looked at them and felt so sorry that she quietly went to the garden and took the watering can in her hand. She ran to the tap to fill it up before anyone stopped her.

But when she came near the tap, she stopped. A tiny sparrow fell from the air just in front of her feet. Its mouth was wide open. But there was no sound in the deep pink throat. Gita at once opened the tap, but very little, took some water into her hand and poured a few drops into that thirsty mouth. The sparrow swallowed the drops quickly.

Soon it could stand on its thin legs. It looked at Gita and chirruped happily. It sounded like a real 'Thank you'.

Then it hopped to the little pool under the tap and drank the water. Gita saw all this. Slowly she put back the can in

the shed and walked back to her room.

From the window she looked at her plants and said, "Sorry my friends, the water is scarce. That sparrow almost died". She was very unhappy. But she had seen that very thirsty sparrow. She could not waste water. But she loved her plants. They too might die without water. What could she do? The water must be saved for birds and babies too. So she just sat there and did not go near the tap.

Now, when she went for her



dinner, she could not drink her glass of water. She finished her food and took the glass of water to her room. She looked at it. How many plants can she help with only one glassful?

She was herself very thirsty. She took the glass in her hand, but could not take it to her lips. Those plants in the garden, in the hot sun, were without water...

Now the plants in the garden were all watching her. They saw how sad she was. They also noticed that she too was very thirsty. They all forgot about the heat. They rustled their leaves and called out. The little fairies from the leaves and flowers came out and asked, "What is the matter?"

The plants told them to look at Gita who sat so sad at her window.

The fairies came out and with their bell like voices softly called, "Gita...Gita...Gi.ta," and came very near her window.

She had often seen a few of them among the flowers, when some flowers were very happy. She had heard many of them singing and humming when she watered and tended the plants. Sometimes, they even hid her

spade or jumped on her little wheel-harrow and made it go humpty-bump! But she had never seen so many of them at a time. She smiled, but sadly.

"Please look up," they said. She looked at them.

"Now smile first and then laugh," they said and laughed.

"Oh! go away please, don't tease me now," Gita said.

"But, you must be happy first," a tiny blue fairy whispered.

"Yes, that is the rule," a yellow fairy flew near her ear and said,



"A rule? What rule?"

"There is a rule in the fairyland that before starting any work everyone must be perfectly happy."

"Yes, before you tell the fairy

queen what the matter is, you must first smile," they explained.

Gita could not help smiling at their funny talk. She thought they were just joking. Some of



them at once said, "Yes, now we will be able to ask for help because you have smiled".

They all gathered in front of her in a semi-circle and folded their transparent wings in-front of them. They were very quiet.

Gita looked at them and smiled again. How different they looked when they were not flying about and playing their little tricks?

After some time they opened up their wings, talked to each other happily, nodded their tiny heads and flew out to the plants.

Each fairy brought a little leaf from the trees and plants. They came back, dipped these leaves into Gita's glass of water. Then with the wet leaves they flew over to the watering can. There they shook the leaves and the drops of water fell in the empty can, tip, tip, drip, drip.

They came back with the leaves. Dipped them in the glass again and went to the garden. Gita ran into the garden too. She looked in her dear watering can. And what do you think she saw?

Their little drops had actually filled up the watering can! Gita thanked all the fairies very very happily. She took the can and

ran to the thirsty plants. She first gave a little water to the small plants. Then she gave a little drink to all of them. But even when she had watered all the plants and trees in her garden, her can was still almost full!

She was surprised a little. But soon she understood and laughed cheerfully. The tiny fairies laughed softly all around her. Gita once more watered the bigger and more thirsty plants without any worry. She poured the water out and the fairy queen filled it up again and again.

The plants were happy, the trees felt cool once more and the birds from far and near came to Gita's garden to drink. They chirruped and sang little notes of happy songs.

The cheerful fairies smiled and went back to the trees and the flowers.

Gita placed her watering can under a tree carefully. She took some water from it in both her hands and drank.

It was the sweetest water she had ever drunk. She looked up at the leaves and her eyes smiled.



## THE VIRTUE REVEALED AT LAST

The old king, on his death-bed, told his son, "My boy, be good and do good, and never disregard our minister's remarks."

The king died. The prince ascended the throne.

The young king was never happy with the old minister, because he always found some fault or the other with the king's ways.

The young king bore the minister's criticism for five years. One day he burst out, in the open court, "Old man, don't you ever find any virtue in me? In fact, the king had decided to dismiss the minister that day.

All the courtiers looked at both the king and the minister with anxiety.

"My lord," said the minister gravely, "I will reveal today what your greatest virtue is, now that I am going to retire. Your greatest virtue is, you have silently borne all my criticism. None but a king of great nobility could have done that. I salute you, my young master, as I leave."

Tears came to the king's eyes. He descended from his throne and embraced the old minister and appealed to him to stay on. "No my master," said the minister, "one should not continue in the same work forever. One must know when to retire."



## THE TERRORS OF TASMANIA

A peaceful island lying off the coast of Australia, is the home of some of the strongest—and fiercest—animals in the world.

AN island state with an air of peace a black water cut off from the rapid rush of the main stream of Australian progress. This is how writers have described Tasmania, which lies off the south east corner of Australia and is about the size of Scotland.

But this peaceful haven is home for some of the strongest and fiercest animals in the world—the carnivorous marsupial Tasmanian wolf, Tasmanian devil and the tiger cat. All are strong and cunning hunters, eating creatures of all kinds, including sheep many times their size.

Marsupials are animals which have a pouch or protuberance near around the female's teats. But some have two flaps of skin instead.

The pouch is a first home for the young, who are born at a very early stage of their development. They find their way to the pouch, or, at least, to the teats, and there they feed and grow for weeks and even months, depending upon the type of marsupial.

The teat within the baby's mouth swells until the baby cannot let go and it hangs stretched, with milk being pumped periodically into its stomach. In most cases, both the baby and the teat are covered by the skin that forms the pouch.

The largest of the carnivorous marsupials is the Tasmanian wolf, which is now very rare and may even be extinct. Although it looks like a wolf, it is smaller than its European relatives and has a grizzled coat, with a tapering tail.

Tasmania is the only habitat of the animal, although it is believed to have once lived on the Australian mainland.

Like most marsupials, it is a creature of the night. Its favourite haunts are caverns and clefts of rocks among the deep gorges of the mountain ranges. In the more remote districts of Tasmania. Long ago, it was driven from the more populated regions by farmers who used it to prevent it from killing sheep.

It differs from all the other marsupials by being the only one to have a non-marsupial counterpart—in this case, the true wolf.

Best known of all of the island's marsupials is the Tasmanian devil, which looks like a badger in size and shape. It is powerfully built, with a large head ending in a short and broad muzzle.

The ears are large and rounded on the outer side and the tail is of medium length and thick, although evenly tapered. Thick and close fur, mostly black or blackish-brown, covers the body. There is a white collar or patch on the throat and a variable number of white spots on the neck, shoulders and rump.

The Tasmanian devil is even more exclusively nocturnal in its wild state than the Tasmanian wolf, being almost blinded if it is exposed to the rays of the sun. It spends the day curled up in some dark and secluded lair, which may be either a natural cave or a cleft among the rocks, or a burrow excavated by its powerful claws at the foot of a tree.

### Like A Bear

In way of walking and its other movements are very like those of a badger or a small bear. By night it attacks many living creatures, sheep being among its prey.

Despite their strength, cunning and love of the wild, young Tasmanian devils are sometimes kept as pets by Tasmanian people. Apparently they are playful and affectionate, and fond of romping in water and relaxing in the sun, to which they become used after losing their nocturnal habits.

Poultry is the prey of another Tasmanian inhabitant—the tiger cat. This is the largest of the southern continent's wild cats and it lives in Australia as well as Tasmania. It is about as big as an ordinary cat and has the same number of teeth as the Tasmanian devil, but the cheek teeth (two on each side) are less massive and less powerful. The form of the body is also much longer and more slender and the tail more elongated. And the body is profusely spotted with white upon a brown ground colour.

The muzzle is sharp, the ears narrow and pointed and the long tail is thickly and evenly furred.

There are many species of wild cats common to Australia, Tasmania and New Guinea. They live in the trees and in their habits are like martlets, which are members of the weasel family. They appear to take the place of martlets in Australia.



Although they differ from martens by being marsupial, they resemble them in having a good appetite. But whereas a marten will eat shellfish and fruit, a Tasmanian tiger cat feeds on small mammals, birds and their eggs, and probably also on lizards and insects. Farmers know to their cost that they are destructive to poultry.

Because these Tasmanian animals are predators—preying upon poultry and sheep as well

as wild creatures—there is a danger that their numbers will be so curtailed by hunters that they may become very scarce.

The Tasmanian wolf may already have become extinct, although this cannot be asserted with any certainty. Expeditions sent to find it, between 1837 and 1864, failed to do so, although a sighting was reported earlier this year.

Of the marsupials, the most widespread are the kangaroos. With this in mind, one naturalist wrote of the Tasmanian wolf: "Its appearance, ways and movements suggest that it is a kangaroo masquerading as a wolf, and not very successful in the part."

Kangaroo or wolf—it would be a pity to see it disappear with the rest of nature's vanished species.





## THE CURSED GUNDHARVA

Long long ago there was a Gundharva, a supernatural being, who loved all the things of beauty. It was the season of spring. He entered a forest and was delighted to see the blooming flowers, the murmuring brook and the trees in their lush green form. The sweet music of the birds inspired him to hum a tune. He frolicked about. He did not know that he had hit the vessel of a hermit. The vessel contained holy water from the Ganga. The water flowed away.

"You are conducting yourself like a demon. Very well, become a demon!" cried the

hermit.

This was most unexpected. The Gundharva wept bitterly and requested the hermit to withdraw the curse.

The hermit calmed down, "I cannot withdraw the curse, but I can modify it. Whenever you see a human being in the forest give out a shout. The day you meet a man who will not be scared by your shriek, you shall be liberated from the curse," said the hermit.

The Gundharva became a demon. Next day he saw a wood-cutter entering the forest. He gave out a blood-curdling shout. The wood-cut-

ter took to his heels. The next man did the same and so did the third traveller. Thereafter people of the villages around the forest stopped entering the forest. Everybody came to know that the forest had become the haunt of a demon.

The cursed Gundharva went over to another forest. The same thing happened there too. After he had scared away four or five travellers, people stopped coming anywhere near the forest.

The Gundharva went over to yet another forest. There at last he saw a man who did not pay heed to his shout. The surprised Gundharva even increased the volume of his shout. Still the traveller did not care. The Gundharva felt

a shiver of joy as a change came over him. Within a minute he became his charming old figure, that of a Gundharva.

He went to thank the traveller. The traveller looked at him with curiosity and said, "I am stone deaf since twenty years. It is my misfortune that I cannot hear what you say," said the traveller.

"Your misfortune has become the cause of my good fortune. I pray for you so that you become capable of hearing," said the Gundharva.

Instantly the traveller could hear the chirping of the birds and the music of the brook. He was overjoyed. The Gundharva narrated his story to him. Both thanked each other and went their ways.



## WHAT! KEEP A DOG AND BARK MYSELF?

"Rajesh! What did my friend mean by that exclamation, *What! keep a dog and bark myself?*" asked Grandpa Chowdhury as, along with his grandson, he was on his way back from the bungalow of his friend, a retired army officer.

"I can guess, grandpa. He was grumbling about his servant's inefficiency. He must be expressing his anguish at the fact that he had to do works which he expected his servants to do."

"You've guessed right."

"Thanks. But I fail to guess, however I try, the meaning of his comment on me—that I was like a dog's dinner."

Grandpa laughed. "It was a slang, Rajesh. He meant to say that you looked quite smart. You already know a number of phrases featuring the dog. There are so many more of them and most of them are quite well known."

"Yes, but the meaning of one I read in the report of a speech by a mystic eludes me. Referring to man's quest for happiness, he said, it was the story of the dog and the shadow. What was he alluding to?"

"Have you forgotten that famous story? It was about the dog which dropped and lost the chunk of meat it held in its mouth when it tried to seize the meat's reflection in the river. The mystic obviously wanted to say that we sacrifice the true means of happiness for the sake of the false!"

"No doubt, it was an appropriate allusion," commented Rajesh.





New Tales of King  
Vikram and the Vampire

## FOOLISH OR CRAZY?

**D**ark was the night and fearful the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. At the intervals of thunderclaps and moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed weird faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, I do not know what is the prize you have in view—why you are taking these pains. I hope, when the reward comes, you will not shrink from accepting it. Well, there are people who act that foolishly. Let me cite an example to you. Pay attention to my narration. That might bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: In the



kingdom of Vidyachal there was a village named Nimpur. Bibbupada, an Ayurvedic physician, belonged to that village.

Bibbupada's father too had been a physician. Bibbupada had learnt something of the science from him. Because of his sincerity and hard efforts, he succeeded in his profession, but he never earned enough to lead a comfortable life. It was because the people of Nimpur were poor. They were unable to pay him well. Sometimes his friends advised him to proceed to the king's court. They were sure that Bibbupada will be able

to impress the king with his knowledge and receive royal patronage. But Bibbupada never took such a step. There were famous physicians in the royal court and they had won laurels and titles. Who will care for him—a village physician without any title?

Bibbupada's family consisted of himself and his son, his wife having died years ago. One day Bibbupada fell ill. Days passed. There was no sign of his recovery. He called his son, Kumar to his bedside and said, "My child, I am going to depart from the earth. My only regret is, I am leaving hardly anything for you. However, the villagers, I hope, will be kind to you. We have an acre of land. You can take to farming. At the same time you can open a primary school and teach the village kids. That should suffice for a living."

Kumar understood that his father did not want him to practice as a physician. He said, "Father, why are you thinking that it was time for you to depart? I'm sure, you'll get well soon. We can discuss of our future afterwards."

"My son, I have a feeling that



"I'm not going to survive this illness. Let me be frank with you. I do not wish you to follow my footsteps and become a physician," said Bibhupada.

"Father, I too should be frank with you. It is my ardent desire to become a physician."

"My son, don't you know that little knowledge of any subject can prove dangerous?"

"Father, I know that. I will not venture into practicing as a physician with my present knowledge of the science. I propose to learn from Mahendra Yogi. I shall begin to practise only after he certifies me. I desire to prosper through my practice."

Bibhupada smiled with satisfaction. He had faith in his son. He believed that the boy will succeed in enrolling himself as Mahendra Yogi's student. He felt happy at the vision of his son growing rich.

Bibhupada died soon after this dialogue. The villagers arranged for his funeral ceremony and promised all help to Kumar.

Kumar left his house and land in charge of the villagers and proceeded to meet Mahendra Yogi.



Mahendra Yogi's ashram was situated in a forest. He imparted lessons not only in Ayurveda, but also in astrology, scriptures and some other lore. It was not easy to become his disciple. A candidate had to pass many tests.

Kumar reached the Ashram after days of travel and requested the Yogi to teach Ayurvedic to him. The Yogi put a few questions to him and found that Kumar's basic knowledge in the science was commendable. He was also pleased with Kumar's humility and courtesy.

Kumar was admitted to the



Ashram. Soon the Yogi grew very fond of him and looked upon him as his son.

Five years passed. The Yogi had stopped taking new disciples. One day he called his students and said, "You have all qualified yourselves in different lores. You can now leave for the places of your choice. I have decided to close down the Ashram. I shall go away to the Himalaya."

Then he called Kumar alone and said, "My boy, I'm pleased with your sincerity and devotion. Go and prosper as a physician. But never abandon your poor patients. Now, you

may ask me for a boon."

"O Master, I do not know how to express my gratitude to you. Will you please tell me how to save a patient from certain death?" asked Kumar with folded hands.

"My boy, you cannot save a patient if his or her death is certain according to his destiny. No physician can. But this is not to say that all who die were destined to die. For many people death remains flexible. As a physician you must do your best to save a patient."

"O Master, can I know in advance if a patient is destined to die?"

"I will tell you a secret so that you can know. When you approach a patient for the first time, mumble the name of Mother Durga seven times and look above the patient's head. If you see the vision of a buffalo, know that the patient is destined to die."

"O Master, can't I drive away the buffalo—even once?"

The Yogi smiled. "My boy," he said softly, "it is a dangerous thing to tamper with someone's destiny. I grant you a boon. You can drive away the buffalo only once. Mumble Mother Durga's

name fourteen times and ask the buffalo to go away. But once you have done this, you cannot practise Ayurveda any longer."

Kumar prostrated to the yogi and left for his village. The villagers were delighted to get him back amidst them. He grew famous very soon. A legend spread that no patient of Kumar died! Needless to say, such a legend grew because Kumar avoided treating those who were destined to die!

Days passed. Despite his popularity, Kumar did not grow rich because he did not like to charge high fees from poor people. He waited for the

opportunity to realise his dream of growing rich.

The opportunity at last came in the form of an urgent call from the king. Kumar proceeded to the palace and was told that the princess lay sick for a long time. The court-physicians as well as a number of experts invited from the neighbouring kingdoms had failed to cure her. "Young man," said the king, "she is my only child. She must be saved. I shall gladly give you a million coins, bestow titles on you and make you my chief physician if you can cure her."

Kumar was delighted. If the





princess was not destined to die, he will treat her and get the prize. If she was destined to die, he can still drive away the buffalo and save her.

As soon as he entered the princess's room, he mumbled the name of Mother Durga. He saw the buffalo. That made him sad. The king observed his reactions.

"Young man, I'll give you half of my kingdom if you can cure her," whispered the king.

Kumar was about to drive away the buffalo, but he stopped, his eyes closed. Then he raised his head and told the king, "My lord, I'm sorry, I

cannot take up this case."

"Don't say so, young man. Please try, I will give the princess in marriage to you. That will mean, you will succeed me to the throne," said the king.

"I'm sorry, I cannot treat the princess. It is beyond me."

Kumar did not wait to see the king's reaction. He turned and went out and left for his village.

The vampire paused for a moment and then demanded of King Vikram in a challenging tone: "O King, why did Kumar kick off his long-awaited prize? How could he forget all about his ambition to become prosperous? What was he—foolish or crazy? Answer me if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck."

Forthwith answered King Vikram, "Kumar was neither foolish nor crazy. He was conscientious. One can be ambitious in one part, conscientious in another part. There are so many emotions and ambitions in a man. What dominates in him determines his character. Kumar was ambitious, but when the moment for realising his



ambition came, he remembered his Master's advice. Mahendra Yogi had said that he should not forsake the poor. If he saved the princess, he would not be able to practise Ayurveda again. That would mean depriving hundreds of people of the benefit of his knowledge. He

also remembered that it was dangerous to tamper with someone's destiny. He sacrificed the chance to become a king."

No sooner had the king concluded his answer than the vampire along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

## WONDER WITH COLOURS



## THE KAZI AND THE FARMER

Rahim's orchard was adjacent to the Kazi's. When Rahim returned after a long absence, the Kazi claimed the orchard to be his!



Rahim was dragged by the Kazi to the Nawab. The Kazi was sure of outwitting the poor Rahim in front of the Nawab.

"How many palm trees are there in the garden?" the Kazi asked Rahim before the Nawab. Rahim could not reply. "There are twenty-two. I can say because the land is mine!" asserted the Kazi.



"How many pillars are there in the hall in which you hold your court?" asked Rahim. The Kazi could not say. "So, you see, it is only a question of counting. You counted my trees. That is all." The Kazi lost the case.





## SUBIR'S AMBITION

**S**uhir was a young boy of Gangapur village. He was very lazy and avoided all work. But, he was very good at telling tall tales and fooling his young friends.

One day Manohar, one of his friends, asked Subir, "Brother, name a single thing in which you are really good except, of course, telling tales all the time."

"Well, Manohar, I am also very good at eating," replied Subir. "Tell me, how many guavas can you eat at a time?"

"Fifteen," said Manohar with confidence.

"Ha! Ha! only fifteen! I can swallow thirty at a time," said Subir with great pride.

"Can you really?" asked Manohar.

"Well, arrange for the guavas

and let us meet again tomorrow," said Subir.

Next day, they all met in a grove outside the village.

Manohar managed to eat fifteen guavas. Then, Subir started eating. His friends were aghast to see him eat thirty guavas with ease. He wanted to eat more, but, unfortunately, there weren't any more.

"Subir," asked Manohar, "I marvel at your capacity to eat. How do you manage to digest all the food without doing any work at all?"

"Imagine," said Subir, "what would be my capacity if I worked! That is why I avoid all work."

"You are right," agreed his friends.

"In fact, my ambition is to compete this year in the annual



Eating Contest conducted by the king and to win the title of 'The Royal Eater'. It would bring our village a great name," explained Subir.

"A worthy idea! You must participate this year," said his friends who started admiring him.

"I would need your help. You must arrange for large quantities of food every day. That way I can increase my capacity to eat and win laurels for our village," said Subir.

Next day, Manohar approached the village chief, Virendra, and told him about Subir and his plan to compete in

the Eating Contest.

Virendra knew Subir quite well. He nodded, but said nothing definite.

A few days passed. Manohar and his friends, goaded by Subir, met the chief once again and pleaded for his making the necessary arrangements for Subir.

Virendra summoned Subir.

"I hear from your friends," said Virendra, "that you are planning to take part in the Eating Contest. We would be very happy if you win the coveted title for our village. And, as you know, you will be very fortunate to be the honoured guest of the king for a full year if you win the contest. You can eat all the delicious dishes in the world to your heart's content!"

"Yes sir," said Subir. "I shall be glad if you could help me in realising my ambition."

"Surely, Subir," replied Virendra. "I have called the ex-champion Bhim Singh. We will compare your capacity with his."

Subir was excited. Bhim Singh arrived in the village the next day.

Bhim Singh laughed, looking



at Suhir. "You aspire to win the title of 'Royal Eater', do you?"

Suhir's ego was pricked. "If you think that I am inefficient, then, I challenge you to eat as many laddoos as I can eat," said he.

"All right, I accept the challenge. I shall eat ten more than the number of laddoos you'll eat," said Bhim Singh.

The contest between Suhir and Bhim Singh was duly arranged and many curious villagers came to witness it.

One by one, Suhir swallowed fifty laddoos and the public applauded his achievement.

Then Bhim Singh began. He swallowed thirty laddoos without stopping to drink even a sip of water. Suhir became nervous. He signalled to the cook to increase the size of the laddoos. Bhim Singh hardly noticed the change in the size and swallowed another fifteen. Suhir lost all hopes of winning. He tried to cheat his rival through wrong counting. He gave Bhim Singh twenty five more laddoos than the champion had promised to eat. Bhim Singh did not mind!

The villagers laughed and dispersed.



After all had left the place Suhir asked Bhim Singh, "Sir, could you tell me the secret of increasing the capacity for eating?"

"I can tell you, but are you ready to undergo the pangs of gluttony?" asked Bhim Singh.

"What pangs? If I can win the title I shall only enjoy the king's hospitality for a whole year!" argued Suhir.

"That is true. But what about all the years after that single year? You would have got used to eating great quantities and varieties, but there will be no one after the first year to feed you! You'll go hungry and feel



miserable," explained Bhim Singh.

That opened Subir's eyes.

"Then what must I do to control my hunger?" asked Subir.

"You need not try to decrease your appetite, but you must decrease your laziness. If you are lazy and if you do not work, then all your attention is on food and you'll feel more

hungry than a normal working man. But, if you do hard work, you'll lose yourself in your work. You will know other joys of life. That is the secret of remaining healthy and happy," said Bhim Singh.

Subir thanked Bhim Singh for his advice and returned home, resolving to shed off his laziness and to take up some hard work in the fields of his father.

## SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES





## TEMPLES OF INDIA

# KALIGHAT

Long long ago there was a Brahmin named Atmanam who was in the habit of meditating on the bank of river Ganga near a forest. He came from a nearby village.

One evening, after he woke up from his meditation, he saw a shaft of light emerging from the waters of the river. He was surprised, but he did not approach the spot in darkness.



He could not sleep during the night as the vision of the light in the river puzzled him. Early in the morning he proceeded to the river-bank. The spot still looked bright. He went near it and saw a stone hand lying under the water.



Atmaram carried the object home. At night he dreamt a wonderful dream. He saw Mother Sati, the consort of Lord Shiva, swooning away near the Yajna performed by her father, Daksha. This happened because Daksha abused Shiva before her, though Shiva was not there.

Atmaram further saw Shiva moving away with Sati's dead body lying on His shoulder. The distressed God roamed the earth, forgetful of everything. Nothing could stop Him.



At last Vishnu sent His Sudarsana Chakra to do the needful. The Chakra cut Sati's body in under. Different limbs fell on different parts of the land. One of her hands fell on the river near the forest.

Atmeram understood that the luminous object he had picked up was Sati's hand, miraculously changed into stone. He installed it in an idol of Mother Kali and worshipped the deity in a hut inside the forest.



Years passed. Very few people know about the shrine because it was situated in the forest. One day a rich landlord was sailing by the forest when he heard the sound of a conch-shell coming from the dusty woods.

He went ashore and entered the forest and saw some hermits seated in front of the image of Goddess Kali. He was surprised and deeply impressed. He too sat down and prostrated himself to the deity.





The landlord built a temple to the deity with the permission of the zamindars. This, naturally, drew many people to the site. The forest began to disappear. Priests and traders built their houses around the temple.

More and more people were attracted to the temple when it was fully built. There were frequent ceremonies. The place became famous as Kalighat, after the deity. This was in the 18th century.



The city of Calcutta grew with the arrival of the East India Company. According to a theory, the city derived its name from Kalighat, the most well-known of the three villages which the Company bought for its settlement.





## REWARDS OF CHANGE

In a certain town lived a wealthy couple, Vasundhara and Sadashiv. They were rich and well-placed in the society. But, when their only son Jaidev, grew into marriageable age, the couple faced grave problems: no family was ready to enter into a marriage alliance with them.

The cause of the problem was Vasundhara.

"Who will send a daughter into a furnace that was Vasundhara's foul mouth!" was a common enough comment.

Vasundhara was short-tempered, rude and selfish by nature. No one liked her; women in the neighbourhood hardly spoke to her.

Sadashiv was of course known for his cool temper and helpful nature. People

loved him and many even approached him for help and advice.

When the problem of their son's marriage could not be solved for two years, Vasundhara one day realised that unless she changed her offensive nature, no family would send their daughter to their house.

"The whole town is proud of you and everyone seeks your advice, said Vasundhara one day to her husband. "I have now a desire to change my nature and to become as popular as yourself. What must I do for that?"

For Sadashiv it was the pleasant surprise of a lifetime. All these years he had been quietly suffering because of the quarrelsome nature of his wife. He could



hardly believe his ears when his wife asked him for advice.

"The only thing you must do is," advised Sadashiv, "to be friendly towards everyone, speak to them softly and be helpful to your neighbours."

And from the next day onwards, Vasundhara started speaking sweetly to everyone, including her servants. She went out of the way to help people in the neighbourhood. She entertained her children who came to her house, giving them sweetmeats or fruit.

Time passed. One day,

Vasundhara became curious to know what people had to say about her now after she had become so good towards them.

That morning, as she was walking past a neighbour's house, she happened to hear her name. She was being discussed by a small gathering of ladies. She quickly hid herself behind in a nook, keen to overhear the conversation.

"Do you know," said one of the ladies, "how much Vasundhara has changed. The other day I was cooking when by accident I burnt my fingers. Vasundhara happened to come just then. She helped me not only with medicine but also with her assistance in finishing my cooking!"

"Yes, she has become an angel now," said another. "Yesterday, a few children were making a great noise in front of her house. Vasundhara, instead of running after them with abuses and a stick in hand as she used to do, came out of the house, gave them some luddoos, and told them to play as long as they wanted. Isn't that incre-



dible."

"But I felt that there is something fishy about her sudden change. She is up to some trick. Beware of her," advised an old lady from the gathering. "Her nature is like the crooked tail of a dog. It cannot be straightened!"

Vasundhara was crestfallen. It was as though the ground had parted beneath her feet! She felt all her efforts in improving herself had gone waste.

Disappointed, she returned home to find that her maid-servant and the latter's husband, sure that she was not at home, were praising her. She stopped outside and listened.

"Two days back I broke a cup and the mistress was not at all angry with me. Normally, she would have shouted at me for such a thing. What do you think is the reason for her sweet behaviour," asked the maid-servant.

Her husband, thoughtful for a moment, replied, "Remember, the sky is calm and quiet before a thunder storm. So is our mistress. It is better that we move away to some other household before she



bursts on us."

Unable to stand such comments any longer, Vasundhara retired to her room and wept for long. When Sadashiv returned that evening, she narrated to him all about her disappointing experience.

"You are expecting immediate results for your good conduct and actions," said Sadashiv. "A good act is a reward by itself. Don't you feel really happy by being kind to others? It at all there are other rewards to come, they will come after a long time. So, do not be disappointed. Continue to be



good and do good. One day, they will bear fruit.”

Vasundhara felt consoled. And as advised by her husband, she kept up her efforts to change herself.

After a few months, the people of the town realised that Vasundhara had really changed for good. One fine day, a respectable couple

came to their house and asked for Jaidev's hand in marriage for their only daughter.

Sadashiv, of course, was the happiest man. He got his son married with pomp and he gained a good-natured daughter-in-law in addition to a wife who had become sweet-natured!

“The lantern shines but for a short distance. How can we go so far through the darkness to our destination?” the disciple holding the lantern asked the master when both set out on their journey.

“Son, the light shines for a short distance only if we do not move. If we proceed as far as we can see, the light will continue to dispel the darkness farther and farther,” replied the master.



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## LET US KNOW

Who is the person to get the first Nobel prize for literature?

—Prashant K. Sahoo, Cuttack.

Rene Sully—Prudhomme, in the year 1901.

Where and when were the second Olympic Games played?

—M. Anandjiu John, Gorakhpur.

The second Olympic games, after its revival, were held in Paris, in 1900.

Who wrote the first novel in English?

—S. Rama Rao, Srungavarapukota

Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde*, though written in a verse form, is considered the first English novel. Chaucer's prose romances come next. However, the true English novel in the modern sense begins with Daniel Defoe, the author of *Robinson Crusoe*.

What is meant by the term—"the scale of the map"?

—R. Anand, Rourkela

In a map the space and distance are shown in a reduced way. 1000 miles may mean one inch. The scale of the map is thus the ratio or relation of the real distance to the reduced symbolic distance.

What is meant by 'petrology'?

—D. Prakash, Ghannapatna.

It is the science of origin, chemical and mineral composition and structure and alteration of rocks.



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## PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



D.M. Rishi Rao



A. L. Eyer

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs.50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for October '85 goes to:-

Mr. John Neronha

Jude Villa, Behind U.B. Church

Kohojgaon, Ambarneth (Dist. Thana)

The Winning Entry:- 'Nation's Pride' & 'Heaven's Guide'

## PICKS FROM THE WISE

The philosophy of one century is the common-sense of the next.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

The rule of my life is to make business a pleasure, and pleasure my business.

—Aaron Burr.

He who has great power should use it lightly.

—Seneca.

At hide 'n' seek, Rosie friends  
Always make her play the den  
There must be something to be done  
All by myself and yet have fun!

With my set of sixo pens  
I sit and sketch for hours on end  
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or brand new daises for my doll

Exco greens, Exco blues,  
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# CONGRATULATIONS!

## WINNERS OF THE LEO MIX 'N MATCH CONTEST

Here they are! The results of the Leo Mix 'n Match Contest!

It sure was difficult to pick out the winners! But we enjoyed reading why all of you love Leo toys.

The winners of the \$200 consolation prize will be notified by post. But if you just can't wait, rush to the nearest Leo toy dealer—he has the winning list too!



### The four winners of portable B&W TVs (1st prize)

**Suresh Duleti**  
Adash Colony  
Indore

**Sourik Sinha**  
C/o T.K. Sinha  
Belampalle, Dist. Hooghly

**Rishi Srivastava**  
9 Gagan Park  
Amritsar

**Rajay Singh**  
C/o A. Chatterjee  
Behala, Calcutta

### The six winners of Hot Shot Cameras with flash (2nd prize)

**Kanishka Desai**  
C/o Wg. Cdr. P. Dandekar  
C/o 89 APO

**Chantal Marie Cotta**  
C/o Mr. Arindo De Miranda  
Fateh, Goa

**Sonoo Singh**  
503-VB, Chandigarh

**Stanley Mangat**  
C/o Chique Gomes,  
Manga, Goa

**Romel Sood**  
House no. 24, Sector 2  
Chandigarh

**Wayne J. Zakaria**  
Noy Varkhadashy St.,  
Madras

### The ten winners of Solar Translators (3rd prize)

**Marchant Sarafan**  
69/D, Nirmal Naya,  
Bandra, Bombay

**Rishi Dastoor**  
C/o Nasser Ahmad,  
Benson Town  
Bangalore

**Gaurav Abhishek**  
C/o Mr. B.K. Sinha,  
Bailey Road,  
Patna

**Jaideep Ganguly**  
129 Co-02 Colony,  
Chandab

**Avan Shroff**  
61 Shalimar Apartments,  
Calcutta

**Dheer Lal**  
Ganeshi Sarda,  
Sohora, Dist. Nilgudi

**Tumpu**  
C/o Dr. Pooji Kamal,  
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—Ace fielder **K. Srikanth** on his amazing agility

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*"The day I discovered my first pimple.  
was the day I discovered Clearasil".*



I can still remember the day. And how excited I was. My elder sister's wedding was just a week away. So there I was trying on my new clothes before the mirror, when horror of horrors, I noticed something on my cheek ... a pimple. My very first pimple. My first thought was ... oh no, not now!

Just then my didi walked in and saw my face. She said "Arre pagli, everybody gets pimples at this age. I did too. And I used Clearasil. So should you."

So I did. And guess what...it worked!

Now I don't need to tell you, I really enjoyed myself at the wedding.

Clearasil helps clear pimples and prevents new ones from forming.



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